The Song of the Sannyasin, Poem By Swami Vivekananda

(This short poem is an excerpt from 'The Song of the Sannyasin' by Swamiji)

Have thou no home, What home can hold thee, friend?
The sky thy roof, the grass thy bed; and food
What chance may bring, well-cooked or ill, judge not.
No food or drink can taint that noble Self
Which knows Itself. Like rolling river free
Thou ever be, Sannyasin bold!
say -"OM TAT SAT OM".

A Blessing, Poem By Swami Vivekananda

(The following poetry is a selection from works of Swami Vivekananda and was written to Miss Alberta Sturges from Perrors Guirec, Brittany, France , on September 22, 1900.)

The Mother's heart, the hero's will,
The softest flowers' sweetest feel;
The charm and force that ever sway
The altar-fire's flaming play;
The strength that leads, in love obeys;
Far-reaching dreams, and patient ways,
Eternal faith in Self, in all,
The light Divine in great, in small;
All these and more than I could see,
Today may "Mother" grant to thee!

Thou Blessed Dream, Poem By Swami Vivekananda

If things go ill or well-
If joy rebounding spreads the face,
Or sea of sorrows swells-
It is a dream, a play.

A play- we each have a part
Each one to weep or laugh as may;
Each one his dress to don-
Alternate shine or rain.

Thou dream, O blessed dream!
Spread far and near thy veil of haze,
Tone down the lines so sharp,
Make smooth what roughness seems.

No magic but in thee!

Thy touch makes desert bloom to life,
Harsh thunder, sweetest song,
Fell death, the sweet release.

To The Fourth Of July, Poem By Swami Vivekananda

by Swami Vivekananda

(From The Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda, Vol5 Page 440. It is well known that Swami Vivekananda left his body on the 4th of July,1902. On the 4th of July 1898, he was travalling with some American disciples in Kashmir, and as part of a domestic conspiracy for the celebration of the day- the anniversary of the American Declaration of Independence- he prepared the following poem, to be read aloud at the early breakfast.)

Behold, the dark clouds melt away,
That gathered thick at night,and hung
So like a gloomy pall above the earth!

Before thy magic touch,the worldAwakes.
The birds in chorus sing.
The flowers raise their star-like crowns-
Dew-set, and wave thee welcome fair.

The lakes are opening wide in love
Their hundred thousand lotus-eyes
To welcome thee, with all their depth.

All hail to thee, thou Lord of Light!
A welcome new to thee, today,
O sun! today thou sheddest LIBERTY!
Bethink thee how the world did wait,
And search for thee, through time and clime.

Some gave up home and love of friends,
And went in quest of thee, self banished,
Through dreary oceans, through primeval forests,
Each step a struggle for their life or death;

Then came the day when work bore fruit,
And worship, love, and sacrifice,

Fulfilled, accepted, and complete.
Then thou, propitious, rose to shed
The light of FREEDOM on mankind.
Move on, O Lord, on thy resistless path!
Till thy high noon o'erspreads the world.
Till every land reflects thy light,
Till men and women, with uplifted head,
Behold their shackles broken, and
Know, in springing joy, their life renewed

Peace, Poem By Swami Vivekananda

(The following poetry is a selection from works of Swami Vivekananda and was composed by him at Ridgely Manor, New York, on 21st September, 1899.)

Behold, it comes in might,
The power that is not power,
The light that is in darkness,
The shade in dazzling light.

It is joy that never spoke,
And grief unfelt, profound,
Immortal life unlived,
Eternal death unmourned.

It is not joy nor sorrow,
But that which is between,
It is not night nor morrow,
But that which joins them in.